HERE IS THE TRUTH ABOUT BUSINESS EXECUTIVES

The best read man of the day is the business executive, if the business magazine advertising solicitor tells the truth.

Dan Convinced They Are the Best Read Men in the World, Also That Their Conferences Are Usually Informal Chats and That Their Secretaries Are Synonym Fiends Who Write Letters to Confuse Rather Than to Enlighten the Recipient —Striking Examples Cited.

By DAN CAREY.

WE have just discovered the identity of the best red man in the world.

There was a brief period of time during the days of our adolescence when we held the opinion that among the college presidents would probably be found the man of greatest learning. Then in the days of our early newspaper career we were convinced that among the editors would be found the man who read the most. During later years we were rather inclined to the belief that among the statesmen of our day probably was the man of real learning.

How wrong we were! The best read man of to-day is the business executive.

This conviction has been forced upon us by the solicitors for business magazine advertising with whom we have been holding some conversations recently. All of them claim that from 50 to 75 per cent. of the business executives read their particular magazine. If their claims be true, and we have no way of disproving them, certainly the business executive spends his entire time in reading, because there are still only twenty-four hours in the day.

We are speaking of the man who was once known as a general store keeper, who later became a merchant prince, then a captain of industry, and who finally grabbed off the title of business executive and has held on to it ever since. They are the men who sit behind four or five doors, who call their stenographers "secretaries," who never talk but always hold "conferences," who never knock off work but are "gone for the day." When you get by their secretaries, however, you find that their "conferences" are about a Kelly pool game on the previous evening, that when they are "gone for the day" they have beat it for the golf links, and after you get to know them you find out that they are just simply old Bill Smith or Sam Brown, who used to keep books over at the "general hardware" on Main street. They have simply come to the city looking for a job and have done mighty well.

The development of the business executive was much the same as that of the territorial sales manager. Once he was a drummer, later a travelling salesman, then a commercial traveller and finally he received his present title.

More power to them, we say. Change the titles whenever it is to the best advantage to do so, but let's not change Bill Smith or Sam Brown.

Once we almost became a business executive. A kind fate saved us for a more glorified, if less profitable, career. We drummed. We sold cigars, or rather we attempted to do so.

The excellent group of ladies and gentlemen who are trying to suppress the use of tobacco need not have an extensive campaign to accomplish their object, but can do so by employing us to sell the output of the tobacco factories of the world. We will guarantee that we will not be able to sell enough cigars for consumption at one directors' meeting, or enough cigarettes for one afternoon sociable among the girls in Greenwich Village. The tobacco industry would cease if we had the selling of the output.

For proof we point to our record. We know what we cannot do because we have tried.

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SPEAKING of business naturally brings up the question of the unemployed. We forget just how many millions are out of work in the United States, and just how many hundred thousand in the large centres would like to go to work, but we know the number is considerable. We also noticed a letter to the editor of THE SUN from some one in the rural districts who stated that he and his neighbors were begging men to go to work.

In trying to reconcile the two conditions there came to our mind a story that was told us once by a confrere of the Hon. J. Hamilton Lewis, who went from the South (Georgia, we believe) to Seattle, Wash., where he held some political position; from there to Chicago, where he became Corporation Counsel, finally landing in the National Congress. We do not vouch for the story because it came to us second hand, but there is nothing discreditable in it to Mr. Lewis, and we are going to tell it.

It seems that Mr. Lewis went to Seattle to practise law. He registered at one of the good hotels, hired an office, bought some law books, hung out his shingle and sat down at his desk, following the ethics of his profession to wait for clients. They did not come. His money was soon spent. He found himself without funds.

Two weeks later, when he asked for the key to his room at the hotel he was told that the manager wanted to see him.

"Mr. Lewis," said the manager of the hotel, "your board bill is now two weeks overdue."

"It is overdue," was the response, "because I have no money."

Then followed an explanation of the failure of clients to materialize, how he could not advertise, and how he must simply wait.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked the manager.

Mr. Lewis spent a little time in thought before replying.

"I'll tell you what I am going to do," he finally answered. "I am going to pay you a part of this board bill next Saturday night and the following Saturday night I will pay you not only a week's board but something in addition, and I will keep that up every Saturday night until I do not owe you anything."

There was the ring of sincerity in his voice. The manager was satisfied. Mr. Lewis did exactly what he said he would do. A month later he was told that the manager wanted to see him again. He went to the office.

"The clients must be coming around to see you. The practice must be growing. I congratulate you," he said, genially.

"No, you are mistaken," responded Mr. Lewis. "I have no clients. I have no law practice."

"Then how did you make the money to pay this hotel?"

After a little persuasion he got the story.

After eating breakfast at the hotel every morning Mr. Lewis would go to his office, where he would take off the neat suit of clothes he had and put on a pair of overalls. He then went to the wharf, where he had secured a job, and worked all day as a stevedore. In the evening he returned to his office, washed, put on his neat suit again and went to the hotel for dinner.

"I will soon have enough saved up," he said in conclusion, "to open up my law office again and attempt to practise my profession."

"Mr. Lewis," exclaimed the manager of the hotel, "you don't have to wait any longer to begin the practice of law. Open your office to-morrow morning. Throw away the overalls. You can live at my hotel just as long as you want to. Pay me when you can. I believe in a man who shows as much stamina as you have shown."

The next morning Mr. Lewis opened his law office again. This time the clients came. That is how he made his start in Seattle.

The point of the story is that every man can always find some work to do, but every man cannot always find the kind of work he wants to do.

Somehow or other we can't help but believe that the story has at least some bearing on the present situation of unemployment.

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BUT we started out to say something about business executives. We knew two of them once who were a perfect match for each other. They were both just as kind and considerate as any one could possibly be except where a money transaction was involved. One of them hailed from East Tennessee, where they watch their possessions so closely that the little children are said to have formed the habit of hiding their savings banks from their parents every night, and the other came from Georgia, where there are a great many homes that have no front door keys at all.

This East Tennesseean had accumulated a good deal of money. He was just as kind-hearted as any man we have ever known and gave away a great deal of money in charity. Once he told us that if we ever found a case where a little money would relieve distress to let him know about it. Some time later we happened to meet two sweet old ladies, sisters they were, whose lives had been so simply spent and who had so filled their minds with kind thoughts about every one in the world that to hear them speak seemed like receiving a blessing. They wanted to open a private school for small children. They needed $300 for the purpose of fixing up a couple of rooms of their modest little home, which was in a splendid section.

We assured them we could secure the money and hastened to the office of our East Tennessee friend with the statement that these old ladies, both of whom were known to him, wanted to borrow $300.

"Why let's do better than that," he said. "I know these ladies and I would like to see them have a good start. I don't want to lend them the money, but I will gladly give it to them. I am sorry you told them where you could get the money because I would much rather not be known, but as long as you have already done so it is all right. I will give you a check for them right now."

He did so. We were elated. We returned to the old ladies in triumph, told them what he had said, and proffered the check. They did not take it. They stiffened just a little and one of them answered very calmly but very determinedly:

"We don't want him to give us money," she said. "We are not willing to receive charity. We want to borrow the money. We expect to pay it back."

We returned to our friend and told him what they had said. He also stiffened just a little.

"Well, if they want to borrow my money what security can they give me?" he said, coldly.

"They have no security," we answered, "except their word."

He slowly destroyed the check, having first torn his signature off it.

"As a business venture," he remarked, "I don't think very highly of it. I'll not file worthless paper in my safe."

And there the matter ended.

We have told the little story to introduce our friend the East Tennesseean, who bested his fellow executive from Georgia in a business deal.

"They stiffened just a little and one of them answered calmly but very determinedly: 'We don't want him to give us money; we are not willing to receive charity.'"

One afternoon we saw him near the depot with a suitcase in his hand.

"Where are you going?" we asked.

"Fishing," he said.

"Where?"

"I don't care to tell you where I am going. It's a secret. Nobody knows; not even my own famliy. You see, I needed a vacation, anyway, so to-day when I found an opportunity to make another fellow pay my expenses and then some I took advantage of it. He's going to be looking for me. That's why I can't tell you where I'm going."

We wished him good luck. It was not for a week or more that we found out who was paying for the trip.

We ran across the other executive, the man from Georgia.

"Say," he yelled at us, "you know Jim Brown pretty well, don't you?"

"Yes," we answered.

"Well, where is he?"

"Gone fishing, but I don't know where. What do you want to see him about?"

"I want to pay him some money, that's what I want. You see, I wanted quite a sum of money for a special purpose a week or more ago and borrowed it from him at a daily rate of interest. I only wanted it for a few days and he knew it. He specified in our agreement that the money was to be returned to him personally. Now I can't find him, and I can't find anybody to give the money to. My interest is going on every day."

There was considerable profanity interspersed in this conversation, but being a firm believer in maintaining the purity of the press we purposely omit it.

Our friend, the East Tennesseean, remained away three weeks. He returned to the city shortly after noon one Saturday and let it be known that he had returned by standing in front of his office window.

At three-thirty the Georgian came plunging through the door of his office. He had come to pay his debt with the accrued interest.

Again we omit the profanity.

They both sat down and figured what the interest would be.

"We seem to be several dollars apart," said the East Tennesseean. "There is a mistake somewhere; let me see your figures."

He examined them closely.

"Ah, I see where the difference is. You have figured interest to the 24th of the month, while I have figured interest until the 26th."

"Well, this is the 24th, isn't it?" asked the Georgian.

"Certainly it is, but, my dear sir, this is Saturday afternoon. The banks are closed for the day. I cannot use the money until Monday. If you will refer to our contract you will notice that——"

"Damn your contract," said the Georgian, who by this time could repeat it by heart, "I'll just wait until Monday morning to pay you," and he strode out of the office, slamming the door behind him.

Both the deacons in the same church, too.

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ONCE we called on a business executive of a chair factory. We did not want to buy any chairs and we had nothing to sell (our experience with the cigars having convinced us that we would starve to death trying to make a living selling five dollar gold pieces for four dollars and a quarter each), but wanted to talk with him about a matter of politics which had arisen in our community.

The factory was on the main railroad line about two miles out from a little town in the South. We hired a hack driven by an old negro and hauled by the remains of what once had been a horse. Naturally we improved the occasion with conversation, but before we had travelled half way to the factory we had learned all of the events of importance in the little town and the conversation began to lag.

"How is business at the chair factory?" we asked.

"I ain't been up dar ve'y much here of re-

"They don't understand the letters they receive half the time . . . but we have played Kelly pool with them and they easily understand every word we say."

cent, but spects dey's gettin' erlong all right."

"Do you reckon they sell many chairs?" we ventured.

The old man chuckled. The joke he was going to spring evidently flashed across his mind. All he now had to do was to skilfully guide us into the trap.

"Yes, sur, dey must sell a heap er cheers up here. I spects dis is erbout de bestest place dat could be in de whole world for a cheer factory."

"Why is that, Uncle?" we asked.

"Well, sur," he answered solemnly, "yo' see de white folks up 'round here do's so much settin' around dat I des knows dey can't make enough cheers ter do 'em."

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ONCE we knew a business executive who went into politics, and having been elected to the City Council he was naturally appointed to the chairmanship of the City Council. During his term of office the city floated a bond issue, but the issue had to be sold in New York because there was not enough money to wad a shotgun in our town.

It was before the days of the tubes under the North River and passengers always went across on the ferry from Jersey City. This fact was well known, even as far away as our town.

The party that visited New York to sell the bonds consisted of the Mayor, the Comptroller and the chairman of the Finance Committee. Just as the train was about to leave the depot the chairman appeared.

"I can't go with you now, boys," he said. "I have a business deal on. I am sorry, too, because I have never been to New York and I would a heap rather have you fellows along to show me the way to the hotel. But I will have to wait until the midnight train."

"Well, where will you meet us?" asked the Mayor.

"Why, at the hotel," he answered. "Which hotel will you stop at?"

"We don't know," replied the Mayor. "We haven't discussed the hotel question."

About that time the train started pulling out of the shed. The chairman of the Finance Committee began running alongside the train platform upon which his fellow officials were standing.

"I'll tell you what to do," he called, being ever ready in an emergency, "decide where you are going to stop on the way up and leave your address with the ferryman at Jersey City. I'll get it from him when I come up."

And yet they sold the bonds at a good price, thus again proving the honesty of New Yorkers.

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MOST executives have associated with them, we have learned, a man to whom we object, and most violently at that. He is the Synonym Fiend. Usually he occupies the position of secretary. It is his business to take the letter that the business executive has written and with the aid of a book of synonyms make the letter so utterly confusing in its meaning that the ordinary mind is unable to glean a ray of intelligent thought from the entire epistle.

The only possible way of ascertaining what ideas the writers of these letters intended to put upon paper is to secure the same book of synonyms that they used and decode the communications into English that is more or less understandable through common use.

Now this custom among the Synonym Fiends has furnished the basis for the belief that Business Executives speak a strange vernacular which only they understand. It isn't true. They don't understand the letters they receive from each other half the time until after the secretary has gone over them with the book of synonyms. We know what we are talking about because we have played Kelly pool with several of them and they easily understand every word we say, except sometimes when we are trying to tell them that they owe us a dime for killing their ball.

Now that we come to think of it we have mentioned Kelly pool once or twice in what we have heretofore written. Ah well, that's only natural. Why shouldn't the best unhandicapped Kelly pool player on Manhattan Island say a word or two about the game every now and then?

Bits of Horse Lore Out of the Usual

By MARTHA M'CULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

WHILE interest in trotting is at fever pitch, and just passing its climax in the Kentucky Futurity, this bit of horse history is timely. Since so many among the hopeful contenders carry the potent blood of Peter the Great, horse lovers may be interested in a brief picturing of Octoroon, one of the great obscurities in his ancestral line.

The horse was in my childhood a figure of romance, even of poetry. Colts at pasture were my best of playmates, my own special colt, my one real pal. Lying prone on lush spring grass, I let her graze out my picture, cropping specially tempting sprigs right under my neck and stepping over me as carefully as though she feared to break me in bits.

Octoroon was no neighbor—rather a distinguished visitor to our county fair. There I saw him for two seasons, under saddle and in harness. A handsomer creature rarely has trodden on four hoofs. Black and so satiny, white high lights played over his coat, shapely every way, with maybe a touch of coarseness in the head, his action was simply matchless—even, smooth, stealthily—you got a measure of his speed and ease only by contrast with his competitors.

They were not a sorry lot; either side the Kentucky-Tennessee State line there were plenty of fine horses, full of blood and breatn and fire and stay. To see them in the ring was tantalizing—they hardly got well started before they had to stop. But on the track outside, a fine half mile oval, they had chances to show what was in them—and give it up to the last ounce.

Octoroon, handled by his owner-trainer, one Dick Madison, won oftener than he lost there—albeit the knowing ones said he was short bred on the dam's side. Notwithstanding he was a favorite, almost a fashionable, sire, yet it must have been chance rather than intention, or attention to blood lines, that produced the daughter through whom his fame is handed down.

He had been brought to our country from up in the blue grass and was popularly thought to have some of the Chief blood, how truly I cannot say. All I actually know of him is that he went like the wind to sulky, and was reputed to have a knack of all but breaking, then finding his feet miraculously, and going on to win.

The Gold Dust strain, now all but extinct, furnished his keenest competitors. A handsome lot, true to name in color, splendid in conformation, though a bit too fine to last, they were reckoned pearls of price—one enthusiast waved scornfully aside an offer of ten thousand for his six-year-old Lucile.

THE story of Lady Suffolk, so well told in THE HERALD a while back, moves me to ask those versed in ancient trotting history if it holds a record of a certain Fanny Pullen. Henry William Herbert, the English sportsman and authority, in his best book, "The Quorndon Hounds: A Virginian's Debut at Melton Mowbray," makes his hero, Percy Fairfax, American Attache of Legation at Melton for the season, say to the Duke of Beaufort: "I suppose you know, Duke, that twenty miles within the hour was done in New York not so long ago. A half bred colt, got by imported Messenger out of a chestnut trotting mare known as Fanny Pullen, did it handily without being distressed."

This is apropos of the exhibition of his trotting pair, fetched from New York, and in charge of a groom, "Hight Woodruff, a scion of that famous family." The pair can make their mile under three minutes—the off horse thought the faster by several seconds. They are described vividly, in such fashion as to indicate a likeness rather to hackneys of our time than the fashionable trotters of to-day.

The story's era is the middle forties—it appeared serially in a magazine in 1851. Our big garret had a dado of such stuff. Browsing through the books I found the story, and read it over and over till almost I knew it by heart. To this day, though I am familiar with most of the celebrated sporting literature, none other quite comes up to the story of the Quorn.

Herbert may have been romancing as to the twenty mile trotter—yet I hardly think so. A careful man, giving throughout names actual, real personages, I do not think he would have faked a record. Such a performance should certainly have been set down—if it ever took place. Naturally I am not a little curious as to Fanny Pulien and her half bred colt.

Herbert was a devotee of distance. He inveighed strongly against "racing in the gristle," otherwise the use of two-year-olds, and the increasing preponderance of dashes, which he said barred from the sport of kings almost half each season's yearling crop as being too lengthy, too growthy for rounding into training form, consequently useless except for hunters or carriage pairs.

With all the greater prizes for three-year-olds and under, barring a few like the famous cups, owners were forced to breed for early speed. This he prophesied meant the loss of stay and stamina, consequently the lowering of thoroughbred quality.

WHAT is a cocktail? By the horse books, an English county equivalent for the American quarter horse. To "run like a quarter horse" was a colloquialism of my upbringing, the synonym of rapid flight. This since the quarter horse knew the business in hand was going from the word "Go." Quarter racing was the favorite Saturday afternoon diversion of backwoods sports. Andrew Jackson, later General and President, owned several famous quarter racers and rode them himself in plenty of contests. He had one slim sorrel that to his thinking could beat the wind. This was while he was in his legal chrysalis at Jonesboro, where upon a certain Saturday, saith tradition, he lost a race, which in turn cost him pretty much everything he had, including his piety—after it he outswore the army in Flanders. But he never lost his horse love; as President he had two special ambitions—to save the Union and find and buy a racer that could "beat Haney's Maria."

Harking back to cocktail, it strikes me as possible that the cant name comes remotely from the Arab practice of bending the tail bone of a newly dropped foal over the forefinger till its upper vertebra is dislocated. This insures, after healing, a high carriage of the tail—something more barbarously secured by the farrier's practice of nicking.

Thus the cocktail came to be held an indication of spirit, eke of blood—horses showing foot and gameness might well be entitled to it.

As to how the name came to fit also a drink here is a theory, not so far fetched as some, with a few facts behind it. When Washington fought the redcoats for possession of New York town he and his staff rested at a house of call in what is now The Bronx, and were there waited on by a buxom landlady, a widow who had a fine hand at mixing things spirituous. One day she tried a new brew, sipped, then swallowed, then passed the potion as a stirrup cup to her guests, already in saddle, saying:

"Drink hearty, gentlemen. It's good! I say so. 'Twill make ye each feel as sassy as a cocktail."

She, no doubt, knew quarter horses under their English name, and could think of nothing sassier than such a creature in a whipping finish.